

BX

7260

.H47E4

Edward Gildreth

IN MEMORIAM



Class BX7260

Book H47E4

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**









EDWARD HILDRETH









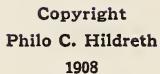
# Edward Gildreth

IN MEMORIAM

1833-1907

PRINTED BY  
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY  
1908

H47E4



6



tmp96 031672

TO  
THE HALLOWED MEMORY OF THOSE WHO  
MADE THE EARTHLY HOME A TYPE AND  
A FORETASTE OF THE HEAVENLY THIS  
SIMPLE RECORD IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.



## EDWARD HILDRETH

September 10, 1833—June 23, 1907. Between these two inconspicuous dates there lies enfolded the record of a life to which the church, the community, and the larger world beyond owe much. Measured by its power for righteousness, and the influence it exerted for all that is noblest and best, it is surely fitting that some notice should be taken of it, more especially by those who knew and valued it. But after all, its best memorial is the life itself, and its own simple story is here recorded.

Edward Hildreth was born in Sterling, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Sometimes in a spirit of fun he used to remark that his family was in too straitened circumstances to afford him more than the one name of Edward; but the name was that of many of his ancestors of note on his mother's side, and was worthily borne by their descendant. Both given name and surname are sturdy Saxon names, and in their simple strength seemed a prophecy of the life which the one who bore them was to live. A good ancestry is a good start in life, and it told in the present instance. He could trace his lineage on one side to the Mayflower pilgrims, and on his father's side to Richard Hildreth, the first of the name in this country, who came from England about 1635, when England was losing some of her best blood under the tyranny of the second Stuart. On his mother's side he

---

## In Memoriam

---

was a lineal descendant and namesake of Captain Edward Johnson of Woburn, Massachusetts Bay, for thirty years a member of the General Court, and now better known perhaps as the author of that quaint history, "Wonder-working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England." He was the sixth among a family of seven children, five girls and two boys, and was a strong, hearty little fellow. When two years old his parents took him with them on a visit to a brother of his father's in Derry, New Hampshire. A velvet frock and cap served to set off the plump little figure, and the sturdy youngster attracted no little attention from fellow-travelers.

The surroundings of the home were pleasant, and the early days were spent amid scenes to which it was his delight to turn in later life. He soon began to read, having been taken to school by some older member of the family while too small to attend, the little legs dangling from the bench in restless fashion. The school house, although not the original one but its successor, stood on the spot immortalized by the incident of Mary and her pet lamb; the Mary being the daughter of a Mr. Sawyer whose farm adjoined that of his father. As he grew older he read more, but his taste did not seem to lie in the way of stories, yet Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, and other classics could not fail to interest the healthy, growing boy. History seemed to be his favorite study, and some books of an uncle which had been left at his home constituted, perhaps, the first library which he knew.



---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

This uncle was the father of Richard Hildreth, the well-known historian, and doubtless many of his books were along the line of history. While developing in healthful, boyish fashion more serious thoughts were beginning to suggest themselves, and it is related that, from the scaffold in the barn, which from its exalted position closely resembled the high pulpit in the old church, the youthful preacher was wont on sundry and divers occasions to deliver marvelous discourses. The audience, which consisted of a younger sister, was not suffered to fall asleep, as the delivery was invariably in a loud tone of voice, this likewise being, perchance, characteristic of the village pulpit of the day. The youthful proclivity for preaching must be regarded as prophetic of what was to be in after years. Yet that his spare moments were not wholly devoted to such serious matters, there is evidence from several well-defined rumors connecting his name with a boyish exploit, which was related in after years with gravity and evident reluctance. It seems that a certain relative, at that time a man of eminent respectability and honored by the community, had in by-gone days kept a tavern with the usual accessories in the way of refreshment. Forsaking the business, and possibly also turning over a new leaf, he had likewise in a spirit of thrift turned the old tavern sign to the wall, and had a new legend of quite a different character inscribed on the opposite side. Years passed and the old occupation had been forgotten by the village, when one morning its peace

---

## In Memoriam

---

of mind was rudely shattered by reading over the door of the respectable old gentleman an advertisement of the virtues of Jamaica rum! When he considered the matter it was too painful for him, and probably would have been also for the culprit had he been within reach.

Life, however, had its more serious aspects, for at the age of ten he lost a much loved elder sister of most cheerful disposition and sweet temper. In after life he always spoke most appreciatively of her. This was the first break in the circle soon to be so widely scattered. Three years later the home was broken up, the place sold, and a boy of thirteen was sent out in the world to earn his own way: from being a member of the most well-to-do family in the neighborhood, to become a hired boy in one of the poorest. His wages for the first year were forty dollars, but not a dollar of it did he ever receive. This was a keen disappointment to the sensitive young nature, and would have permanently embittered a weaker one. Years afterward he took one of his own boys one beautiful Sabbath afternoon to the home of this early employer, now in comfortable circumstances, and on the return homeward told the boy without bitterness of the treatment he had received at his hands. Ever afterward, none the less, the man appeared as an example of moral obliquity in the eyes of that boy. The experience was never quite forgotten, although no unkind words regarding it ever escaped from the father's lips. The second place to which he now went was to the home of one who

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

lived next below the boyhood home. The man was a chair-maker by trade, and well intentioned enough, but employed in his shop some men who thought it good sport to tease and hector one who was helpless to retaliate had he been so inclined, which by disposition he was not. Bitter as was the boy's first year's experience in the world, his condition now was not much of an improvement, but he was able to save a little from his small earnings. With this, in the winter of 1848-49, filled with a strong determination to secure an education so far as it was within his reach, he started for the neighboring town of Berlin, to attend a boarding-school. Before the term had closed, the postmaster and proprietor of the general country store had noticed his ability and asked him to clerk in the store. For five years he filled the place to the fullest satisfaction of his employer; years they were of hard work, but darkened by no unkind words or unpaid wages, such as had been his lot hitherto. While the salary was small, his generosity was large, and he managed to help his family, giving to each of his four sisters a dress or the material for one and partially helping one sister to complete her education. When he left Berlin Mr. Hastings, his employer, presented him with a gold watch in token of appreciation of the faithful and conscientious service rendered. The stay in Berlin did more for him, however, than to give him a start in life so far as the merely material is concerned. Here he laid hold of the better things of life, never to relax his hold

---

## In Memoriam

---

upon them. In the autumn of 1851, perhaps in November, he united with the church. The great decision for him was now made. Henceforth life took on a new meaning. His outlook was forever changed. Edward Hildreth became a new man.

What impulse guided his steps to New York City he may not fully know, save that it was providentially ordered. Immediately upon his arrival in the city the young man of nineteen connected himself with two active religious organizations—the Pitts Bible Class, which was held in the Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church, and the Young Men's Christian Association. Here he found warm friends, and formed friendships which lasted through the years, growing more precious unto the end. Most of the friends who then entered into the young life have passed from earth, but one or two remain, George W. Bruckner, of Chicago, and Nathaniel Tooker of East Orange, N. J. He seemed to have the rare gift of making friends and the rarer one of keeping them. Were any of these friends sick or in need of any kind he ministered unto them, oftentimes beyond his strength. It is but natural that one who had learned the joy of fellowship with the Master should seek to bring others into the same relationship, and one does not wonder as he sees him modestly working at the Five Points Mission and the Duane St. Mission, or actively engaged in Bible and tract distribution in densely populated districts not far from the Tombs. He and his co-laborers

---

## Edward Childreth

---

worked also under Rev. A. Kemp, the City Missionary, and met monthly for prayer, advice, and encouragement. While engaged in this work of helpful ministry, on one occasion he was assaulted by some wharf roustabouts, and himself and companion handled quite roughly, but he cherished no ill-will, and used playfully to refer to the occurrence which might have had serious consequences. All this time he was employed as cashier in a large dry-goods store on Canal St., near Broadway, and his work here was characterized by the same conscientious ability and thoroughness as he had displayed in the country store in Berlin. In truth, so painstaking was he, and so faithful in his work both in the store and out of it, that it had begun already to tell even upon his strong constitution, and in the very late fall of 1853 he was compelled to relinquish his excellent position in New York and return to the scene of his boyhood days, a very sick man, and he was even told that his days were numbered, that life for him was to be measured by days rather than years. But the strange vitality for which he was ever to be noted asserted itself, and after rest and careful nursing he was so far recovered that he was advised by his physician to seek complete restoration to health in the west. This advice he followed, and although in a measure his health never was to be what it had been, he felt able to take up the work of teaching school at Grass Lake, Michigan, feeling, probably, that incentive to labor which springs from an exceedingly modest pocket-book. His work here also was



---

## In Memoriam

---

successful, but one can readily surmise that the sky was not always the bluest nor the sun the brightest above the path of the young pedagogue of Grass Lake. Thoughts of home and kindred far away must have come between him and his books, and the ills of the flesh would not always down. But here again we find him making warm friends, and being sought after by old ones. Mr. Bruckner, who had been on intimate terms of friendship with him in New York, and who was now in Monroe, Michigan, his home, induced his friend to come thither to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas at his father's home. This he was doubtless glad enough to do, especially as it gave an opportunity to renew the old friendship. As was ever his habit, wherever he might be, he attended church, on Thanksgiving Day, and also the Sabbath of Christmas week, with his friend. On both occasions his bearing attracted the attention of one of the leading business men of the city, and the result was that after the close of the winter term the young schoolmaster entered his employ at a salary of fifty dollars per month. Here he remained till the year 1858. The time thus spent was a happy one amid congenial surroundings and kind friends. Somehow, everyone seemed to take a liking to the young man. Here he found time to be about his Master's work in the church, the Sabbath school, and elsewhere. One cannot be quite sure just when the definite decision to enter the ministry was reached, but it seems reasonable to assume with some degree of probability that the choice was made some

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

time during these years at Monroe. Perhaps his pastor here may have had something to do with it; quite likely the purpose had been gradually taking shape in his mind as he found himself becoming useful in the Christian work he always found to do. At all events, the new school of the prophets, Chicago Theological Seminary, was opening its doors, inviting young men desiring to fit themselves for the gospel ministry to enter, which call was heeded by some twenty or more, and among them came this young man. It was a time of beginnings, a day of small things, which must come to every undertaking which is worth the while. As another of that class has written: "The Seminary had no library, no lecture-rooms, and only three professors"; but they were mighty men whose memory the church to-day delights to honor, Bartlett, Haven, and Fiske. The First Congregational Church took the fledgling under its protecting wing. Especially interested in its welfare was Deacon Philo Carpenter, for to him the Seminary was a sort of first-born. A number of the students were accommodated at a boarding-place kept by a good woman. The board was plain, two dollars and a half per week, but suited admirably to high thinking. Even this modest demand seemed much in those days, and so two at least of the number solved the problem of finance by becoming their own housekeepers and cooks. This arrangement worked finely during the Seminary course, but naturally other means must be devised to provide funds. So, not averse to honest toil, the theological student prevailed on Deacon

---

## In Memoriam

---

Carpenter to let him fill the position of janitor in the First Church, vacant by virtue of sundry and divers shortcomings of the former holder of the place. When the good Deacon was inclined to demur, he was reminded of something about being a "door-keeper in the house of the Lord," and so the applicant was temporarily installed; but such entire satisfaction did he give, and such efficient service did he render, that he was engaged permanently, and his salary doubled. He had saved enough in fuel and light to more than pay for the advance. The people were pleased, the Deacon was pleased, and there is reason to believe that one of the Deacon's handsome daughters was pleased, for she afterwards became his wife.

This was but one side of the busy life he was now leading, for he was hard at work pursuing his theological course, studying far into the night, and rising in the morning long before dawn; rejoicing in his work as a student, toiling with hand and brain, thinking ever lovingly of kindred in the far-away New England village. Those were busy but happy days which he ever recalled with pleasure, for the communion of friendship here begun was to be broken only by death. How lovingly in later life he used to recall the names almost with reverence, and speak of their virtues, although perchance the sod had been above them for many a year; to him they were still the same as of old. After all, that is the fine thing about friendship; it is clothed with the spirit of immortality, and lifted into the realm of the things unseen and eternal.



---

## Edward Hildreth

---

Such were his friends to him, and such doubtless was this busy, helpful, cheerful, noble-minded soul to them. Thursday, April 25, 1861, marked the close of his Seminary career. The practical nature of the man is displayed in his address at graduation: "The Relation of Pastoral Duties to Effective Preaching." Perhaps if more thought were given to this timely topic in these later days there would be less discussion of how to reach the masses, and why the pulpit fails to meet the demands of the age.

Passing out into the world, his ability was marked at once, and he was asked to solicit funds for the young seminary. Like all his other work, this was well done, but he felt that he must be up and at work in his chosen profession. In December, 1862, we find him accepting a call to the Congregational Church at Clifton, Illinois. Here he was ordained, and here he labored for a year or more in an acceptable and efficient ministry, when the call came for pioneer duty in the comparatively new state of Minnesota. The scene of his ministry was to be the village of Wabasha, on the banks of the Father of Waters; but before he had accepted this call, while still ministering to the church at Clifton, he had come to the parting of the ways. Henceforth he was to walk with her whose companionship was to mean more and more to him as the years came and went, and whose life evermore was to be the joy, the unspeakable blessing, the very crown of his own. Rarely indeed does one find two lives so completely one in lofty purpose and loving sym-

---

## In Memoriam

---

pathy, two radically different temperaments so harmoniously blended together. Sarah Geraldine Carpenter was the youngest daughter of Philo Carpenter, a name inseparably connected with the great achievements, both moral and material, of Chicago in its early days. No righteous cause ever sought his aid in vain, no cry of need fell on his ear without meeting ready response. A farsighted and eminently successful man of affairs, he never suffered the things about him to obscure his vision of the great realities, and as was written of him after his death, "he went in and out before a great and wicked city for half a century and left a record unstained." His youngest daughter possessed, to a marked degree, the passion for righteousness of her father, mingled with the gracious, sympathetic spirit of her mother. Such a nature brought into his own life that which could only be helpful and inspiring, and he always gladly gave to her the due credit for much of his success, saying that a good wife had been the making of many a man. Years afterward, on the anniversary of their union, half playfully and yet with a tender note sounding through the verse, he writes:

"But looking back the way all o'er,  
Would it be hard or no to guess,  
Could we now stand the past before  
The parson's answer, were it 'Yes'?"

But for him the answer is not difficult to determine, for he concludes by saying that he is sure they "would try it o'er



THE WABASHA HOME



---

## Edward Hildreth

---

again." To Wabasha they went, to a tiny cottage which stood a little way back from the river, "but as there were no buildings between, there was an unobstructed view of the river, with steamers passing, and beyond to the Wisconsin bluffs." The cottage consisted of four exceedingly modest rooms, but to the young couple it was after the similitude of a palace, for love reigned there. It was a new country to which they had come, a different life than that to which they had been used. Through their yard ran a trail of the Chippewa Indian. The country was sparsely populated, and settlements were widely separated. Nature was wild, and some of her children were wilder, especially in the remoter districts. Hardship and struggle were inevitable, but here, too, were golden opportunity and crying need for those things which minister to the higher cravings of man. Souls were as precious here as in the crowded city, and he set himself to the task, resolved to do his very best. It was a task worthy of the man. Friends were won here, as elsewhere, who began to realize the sterling character which had come among them. The Catholic priest began by respecting him, and ended by loving him. To this day there yet remain a few who recall those years of helpful ministry and inspiring friendship. Here their first-born came, and it is recorded that many a sermon was written while the minister was rocking the cradle with his foot. For three happy, eventful years they dwelt here, but the strain was beginning to tell on a constitution now none too strong. For the joy that was set

---

## In Memoriam

---

before him, like his Master, he had endured much, but there is a limit even to almost superhuman endurance. The voice which had so earnestly and lovingly proclaimed the gospel message failed him, with little or no hope of its ever being serviceable again for any length of time, unless he relinquished public speaking. He was to give up the long cherished dream just when the fullest realization seemed almost within his grasp, but it was not for him to question the Father's ways. His work in Wabasha and in the pulpit was done; his record was on high. Cheerfully and yet not without reluctance they left the place with its happy memories and returned to Chicago. As soon as health permitted, with that fine spirit of independence ever characteristic of the man, he set to work to earn his daily bread. After the day's work had been done, and well done we need not to be told, he would return to the home utterly tired and worn out, but he said little of his own condition or of the weakness of the flesh which was ever with him. Always the same bright smile and a cheery, kindly word for every member of the family. Then, for the first time, the death angel came to the home and took away the second born, a dear little fellow with his childish prattle. What anguish it brought none but those who have so suffered may know. While other little faces came to gladden their hearts, the parents never forgot this their first great loss. Some four and a half years later, after the birth of Edward Theodore and Lucy Geraldine, death again invaded the family circle, taking away the last named, who, because she bore the name of his mother, was



---

## Edward Hildreth

---

especially dear to the father's heart. In a diary which he kept there is recorded under the date of her death the simple words: "Lucy went," but the very simplicity of the entry is full of pathos. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and his chastenings seemed to be coming thick and fast upon that home. But it was a home which he delighted also to richly bless. Across the years its memories are of the tenderest and most charming sort, mellowed, perchance, by time, yet none the less a joy which shall never quite fade away till earth's visions are lost in the heavenly. For many years the place of residence was the old homestead where the mother had spent her girlhood. The old trees cast grateful shadows in the long summer days; the flower garden, bright with tulip and phlox, rose and violet, planted by the dear grandmother long since at rest; the great stretches of green lawn often redolent of new mown hay; the grape trellis heavy with its wealth of clusters, the marvelous strawberries, the gooseberries, of which little need be said save that they were exceeding tart; the forest of waving sweet-corn in which the children used to hide, and in which they even became lost at times, the large clumps of fragrant syringa scattered plentifully about the place, and last of all the great hedge of lilac and snow-ball; these things have become well nigh immortal. No wonder that one whom they loved wrote of the spot:

"I passed the old home in its brightness and bloom  
And caught the sweet scent of the lilacs' perfume,"

---

## In Memoriam

---

for the air was full of their fragrance. These things are external, yet we are all creatures of environment to a certain extent, whether we are willing to admit it or not, and it is not difficult to believe that such a home must exert a beneficent influence on those who were surrounded by its beauties. It belonged still to the good Deacon, who enjoyed having his children and grandchildren there. Within the walls of the old white house, with its green shutters without and its Dutch oven within, peace reigned save when the boys were too boisterous. Appetites were the envy of the epicure, or would have been had there been any such there which there was not, and the despair of the good mother who sought to appease them. The father was the priest of the household, and ill betide the scrapegrace who ventured to bring into family devotions the spirit of levity. A private interview was afforded, supplemented possibly by "the laying on of hands." When two of the boys had violently differed about some weighty matter, they were brought into "the study," seated on opposite sides of the room facing each other, while they listened to the Psalm beginning: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Sometimes, instead of using the rod for cases graver than ordinary, father and transgressor knelt side by side and prayer was offered, and what prayers they were! On more than one occasion the culprit was heard to declare that he would rather have had the whipping, so deeply touched was he by the loving way in which his good father prayed for him. After the death of the young





THE OLD HOMESTEAD, CHICAGO



---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

sister, two more were admitted to the family circle, Faith and Richard, both being born in the old home. Meantime sickness had come to the father, and for weeks his life hung in the balance. Recovery was slow and painful. As time passed it became more and more apparent that if life was to be prolonged a change of climate must be sought. Two trips to Colorado during the summer of 1880 made a favorable impression, and it was decided at length to locate in Colorado Springs. Thither the family removed in the late fall of that year. Here was more pioneering to be undergone. The clear atmosphere with its dry and bracing qualities promised much, but the change involved meant the severing of the tenderest ties and the making of new friendships. Perhaps as they became accustomed to the new and at first rather strange conditions, the sense of loneliness began to wear away, for soon there were as many and as true friends as had gathered about them a thousand miles and more away. At any rate, it was their home and they loved it. The out of door life, possible during much of the year, afforded many delightful excursions to the neighboring mountains. A commodious mountain wagon and a pair of strong horses rendered these trips easy and most enjoyable. Health and strength began to return. Especially was the sense of companionship developed and strengthened. The boys, of whom there were now three, found in their father an inspiring comrade who entered into their recreations and their studies as one of themselves. It is a great thing for a boy when his father and he are chums. And

---

## In Memoriam

---

now another member of the family, Geraldine, is added to the happy circle. So time came and went, bringing change and growth and health for all save for the father, who began to find the winters too rigorous for a weakened constitution. California seemed to afford the milder climate desired, and that delightful suburb of Santa Barbara, Montecito, was selected for the new home. Here again was an opportunity for out of door life even more abundant than hitherto. For two years and a half they remained here, but the close proximity to the ocean with its inevitable fogs was not conducive to affording relief to the peculiar bronchial trouble, and it was decided to remove to Los Angeles. Here the home was made for the last time, and here the interests of the family centered for the past eighteen years. A beautiful home was erected, and made as attractive as loving thought and willing hands could make it. From it one could see far in almost any direction, but the spiritual vision never rested this side of the gates of pearl and the wall of jasper. From the altar, with the father as priest in his own family, ascended the daily incense of prayer and petition for the inmates of that home, for the church, and for the community in which they dwelt, and for the larger world beyond lying in sin and wretchedness. Joy and happiness dwelt there because love had entered in before. Twice the shadow of the angel men called Death fell across the threshold. One day in the springtime of 1893, the youngest son Richard, a lad of unusual promise, went out from the earthly home with merry heart and manly

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

step. That day he entered into the heavenly home. Sorely stricken, bowed down with grief, stunned by the terrible swiftness of the stroke, the hand of a kind and loving Father was yet clearly seen in this great sorrow. The Lord had given and the Lord had taken away, and with trembling lip was it too confessed, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Two years pass, and the summons comes for the dear mother of the household to join those who have passed to the other side. None can ever know the darkness of the valley through which he walked as he laid away her who had meant more to him than all else in life. As time passed the loss became more real, and the grief more poignant. But because the heart alone knows its own bitterness, he kept this crowning grief to himself. Sometimes when racked with pain as he lay upon his bed, he breathed her name as though speaking to her; her very presence seemed real to him. His was a love that was stronger than death. After her translation he never seemed quite the same, yet outwardly one might perhaps note little change. But, like Christian, he had caught a glimpse through the open gates of the city, and longed to be within with those whom he had loved long since and lost but for a little while. However, his face never lost its cheerful smile, his voice its kindly word, his heart its abiding sense of the divine goodness. By nature an optimist, with Browning he could sing:

"God's in his heaven,  
All's right with the world."



---

## In Memoriam

---

It is impossible to imagine him as seeing other than the bright side of things. Not that he regarded the order existing about him as perfectly in accord with the will of God—far from it; but like the heroes of old he looked beyond to that consummation of all things when “good will be the final goal of ill,” when “the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.” His faith was of the heroic measure. If he ever had doubts, as who of us does not, he never proclaimed them from the house-top; he kept them to himself. Enough that the great basic truths of religion had endured the mightiest assaults of unbelief unshaken still and evermore to stand, forever fixed as their eternal Author. Men’s attitude to truth might change, they might view it from hitherto unknown angles, but that was because men changed, not because truth had been in the slightest degree subject to alteration. He delighted to dwell on the love and on the justice of God; a love founded on justice, a justice tempered by love. In the integrity and inspiration of the Book he believed with all his soul, and this not because of any shallowness of scholarship, for far beyond most scholarly students of the Bible he was never satisfied till he had probed to the very bottom of the matter in hand, whatever it might be. He would spend hours verifying a comparatively unimportant fact, so careful was he. When too sick to read in his mother tongue he would have his Hebrew Bible brought to his bed that he might not fail to discover just the right shade of mean-

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

ing in some relatively obscure passage. Few men outside the very limited ranks of textual specialists possessed the intimate and scholarly acquaintance with the Book which was his, and for this very reason he loved it and sought to defend it from that form of criticism which seeks to place it upon a purely rationalistic basis. One of his last acts was to send to ministers throughout the state of California and elsewhere, at his own expense, a reprint of a scholarly article from across the water having to do with "Unscientific Criticism" of the Bible. Although for the last few years, because of physical weakness, deprived of attendance on the services of the sanctuary and its related interests, he ever remembered the First Congregational Church with love and affection. At the hour of its services a prayer for its welfare went up from his bed of pain. He loved to raise himself up so that he might see its towers and feel that he was in communion with the saints gathered there. For both its pastor and its pastor emeritus he had the warmest affection, which in turn was deeply reciprocated. A thoughtful and lovingly appreciative tribute from his pastor, Dr. William Horace Day, will be found a little later on, and at the funeral services this relationship subsisting between them was touchingly manifest.

While his best thought centered in the home and in the church, he never lost his keen interest in the life which was about him, and especially in the community where he had chosen to make his home. With presence,

---

## In Memoriam

---

when that was permissible, or with pen when it was not, there emanated from him an influence for righteousness, the full measure of which the last great day alone can reveal. His was "the presence of a good diffused" which, so soon after his departure, it is difficult to estimate. Only a few days before his death he went to the polls to vote upon a matter of importance for the best interests of the city. By his pastor he was denominated "A model Christian citizen," and such he ever was. He gave of himself unsparingly to every worthy cause, too unsparingly sometimes it seemed to those who knew and loved him, and he was kindly remonstrated with, but his only reply was a smile, perhaps, and a playful word. Doubtless he knew that his days were numbered, and that he must redeem the time. On a beautiful Sabbath morning the patient, loving spirit forsook its earthly abode, and clothed upon with immortality passed in through the gates into the city. Life's work well done, Heaven's crown well won, he had entered into the joy of his Lord. Fought the good fight, finished the course, the faith kept—henceforth the crown! No more sleepless nights, no more longing for the morning, for to him had come the breaking of the eternal morning "after whose dawning never night returns." Surcease from suffering, rest from toil, peace unknowable, joy unspeakable,—these shall be his for evermore. Surely for such as him must it have been written: "Neither shall there be any more pain," and again: "That they may rest from their labors; for



---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

their works follow with them." While the things of earth were real to him, the unseen and the eternal were yet more real. The last days of earth were bright as always. At evening time there was light. But now his shall be the light of the eternal city, where no shadows ever fall, and where "the Lamb is the light thereof." It was his coronation day.

On Tuesday afternoon following, simple and appropriate services were held at the home, conducted by his pastor. As a prelude to the service, the first four verses of the twentieth Psalm and the fifth verse of the tenth chapter of Luke were read, followed by the invocation, in which a blessing was asked upon the service and upon the house of mourning. "In Heavenly Love Abiding" to the tune of Tully was rendered by Mrs. C. G. Stivers and Mr. H. S. Williams. The scripture reading consisted of the following selections: Psalms xxx, 1-10, Gen. xv, 15, Luke ii, 25-30, 2 Tim. iv, 6-8, Gen. v. 24, Job v, 17-26, Acts xi, 23,24, and John xiv, 1-6. Dr. Day prefaced his remarks with the stanzas from Browning's "Rabbi ben Ezra":

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "a whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid."

---

## In Memoriam

---

"Praise be thine!  
I see the whole design,  
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too.  
Perfect I call thy plan;  
Thanks that I was a man!  
Maker, remake complete,—I trust what thou shalt do!"

Only, a synopsis can be given here, but the address dwelt upon Mr. Hildreth,—

1. As a citizen.
2. As the head of a home. "A priesthood after the order of Melchizedek."
3. As a Christian: In his personal Christian character, in his submission to God, as a man of prayer, as a member of the church, as its counselor especially in its dark days, as a very benevolent member in the contribution of his money, having a share in every good thing that was attempted, and in the later years, when deprived of attendance on its services, as a watchman upon the watchtower, his thought and prayer went out in her behalf. To the very end it was given him to share thus in the responsibility and interests of the church to which he had given so much of his love.

Prayer, and the rendering of stanzas 3 and 4 of the hymn, "Saviour, again to thy dear name," by the choir to the tune of Ellerton followed, and the simple and beautiful service was brought to a close with the benediction. The remains were borne to Chicago, and there at

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

eleven o'clock on Monday morning, July 1, 1907, were laid away beside the precious dust of her whom he loved so well, "till the day break and the shadows flee away." Professor Hugh H. Scott, D. D., of Chicago Theological Seminary, for many years a friend of the family, conducted the appropriate service in Graceland Cemetery at the family lot, reading selected portions of Scripture, among them being a portion of the fourteenth chapter of John, and the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, followed by remarks appropriate to the life and patient ministry of suffering now brought to a close. A prayer of thanksgiving for the blessing of such a life, and of comfort for the sorrowing, was concluded with the benediction of peace. The children, to whom is left the heritage of this saintly life, are: Philo Carpenter Hildreth of Colorado Springs, Colorado, Edward Theodore Hildreth of Bangor, Maine, Mittie Faith Hildreth\*, and Grace Geraldine Hildreth of Los Angeles, California. Besides these there remain a grandson, Edward Hildreth, of Colorado Springs, who bears his name, a sister nearest to him in age, and the only member of his immediate

\*Since writing the above, Faith, so like her father in utter unselfishness and fine intellectual attainment, and like her mother in gracious winsomeness, on the 24th of March, 1908, joined those now upon the other side. Her life, though brief, enriched the world by its presence, and left it the poorer for its passing. One who knew her well has said of her that she was perhaps the most unselfish woman she ever knew. The lesson from such a life needs no interpreter.

---

## In Memoriam

---

family now living, Mrs. Anna H. Pratt of Clinton, Massachusetts, and an aunt, Mrs. Eliza Day Hildreth, of Auburndale in the same state.

It is fitting that such a life should not slip away without some brief reference at least to those qualities which made it of singular value to the world in which it was lived. At best, it will be possible to do little more than to indicate these.

Perhaps the quality which first impressed one was the practical judgment of the man. He took no narrow view of life, nor did he disdain what to others might seem its unpromising possibilities. Quicker than most to grasp the full meaning of a matter brought to his attention, he never rendered a hasty decision, but turned it over in his mind, thus viewing it from different angles, and when his mind was fully made up, and then only could he be persuaded to announce his decision; and it is noteworthy that unlike most men was he seldom afterwards called to reverse decisions previously made. Having, however, once come to a definite decision on any matter where principle was involved, it were easier to move the unchanging hills than to alter his settled conviction. Something of the granite of his native New England entered into the moral fibre of the man. His business judgment was exceptional, and his wise counsel was often sought. The same patient effort to look upon all sides of a matter which characterized him in the practical affairs of life entered into his intellectual life in an even more marked degree. Refer-

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

ence has been made to this before, but it will not be amiss here to quote the words of one who knew him well, both as a student in the Seminary and in later life, Rev. Ewing O. Tade, recently of Los Angeles. He says: "One trait has all these years interested me, his careful, painstaking efforts to get at the bottom of facts, whether in philosophy, science, or theology. One of the last things at which he put me at work was the looking up a nice point in a passage of Hebrew. He was more than a match for any scholar of critical tendencies who ever tried to cross swords with him." From some of his sermons which remain can be caught glimpses of the same spirit of thoroughness, mingled with a tender yearning for those who had not learned the blessed sense of sin forgiven, and the spiritual uplift of that life which is hid with Christ in God. From Proverb xii, 28, "In the way of righteousness is life," he showed men "The Blessedness of the Christian Life." On 1st Corinthians vi, 19, "Ye are not your own," he preached a sermon on "The Christian not his own." "Human Government a Divine Institution," based on Romans xiii, 1, was a trumpet call to duty amid the dark days of the Civil War. He sought to go to the front himself, but was debarred by the condition of his health. Some of his more noteworthy discourses are based upon such texts as: Revelation iii, 2, "Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain," Romans xii, 11, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," John i, 38, "Master, where dwellest thou?", Psalms



---

## In Memoriam

---

cxix, 59, "I thought on my ways," Ephesians iii, 16, "Strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man," 1st Corinthians vii, 24, "Brethren, let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God," Luke xix, 41, "And when he was come near he beheld the city and wept over it," 1st Kings xx, 40, first clause, "And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." The sermon preached from Hebrews xi, 4, is strikingly significant of his own life, though little he might feel like so applying it, for "He being dead yet speaketh." Did space permit it might be of interest to give brief extracts from these sermons. They bear well the test of time.

He and his beloved wife were benevolent. Their thought was ever the same. The organ of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles stands to-day as a memorial of the dear young life so suddenly quenched, and of the mother who followed it so soon to the better land. In many quiet, unobtrusive ways was help given to those who were in need. With abundant truth might he have said with the man of Uz, "I was a father to the needy: and the cause of him that I knew not I searched out." But he was far too modest to make such a claim for himself.

His interest and that of his wife centered first of all in the home, and then in the church. The home was always the center to which the thought ever turned. Perhaps the finest thing he ever wrote teaches this thought unmistakably. It is to be found in the poem entitled

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

"The Heart Turns Back to Home," which title, by the way, he did not himself attach to it, simply regarding the verses as, perhaps, of a fugitive nature, and written only for loving eyes. His interest in the church has already been dwelt upon, and it is but fitting that this simple story should conclude with the tribute of his pastor to the worth of the man. Appended will also be found a few of the productions of his pen, which, while intended as will readily appear for the limited circle of the home, are yet worthy of the appreciation of those who loved and honored him and still cherish the memory of a noble life. It need scarcely be said that in life he would have shrunk, perhaps, from even this moderate degree of publicity, yet it seems only fitting, now that the voice has been hushed, that some at least of the songs should be treasured up. The cheery optimism that breathes through them in varying degree cannot fail to be noted. It was characteristic of the writer. Only such explanatory notes have been added as would serve to make clear whatever might not be readily understood. Doubtless the service of earth has been exchanged for the higher service of Him of whom it is written that "his servants shall serve him." The rest into which he has entered is the rest of a glorified service in the presence of his Lord.

"O rest of rest! O peace serene, eternal!  
Thou ever livest and thou changest never;  
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth  
Fullness of joy forever and forever."



---

## In Memoriam

---

A tribute by his pastor, Rev. William Horace Day,  
D. D., Los Angeles, Cal.:

My friend has gone on before. He with all his maturity and depth of life, a growth of three score and ten earnest years, had a place in the circle of intimates for me, a child of a new generation with the deepening of life but partly done. He had learned his Lord's secret of loving others, for he knew the subtile alchemy of the heart which made him sharer of the experiences of many kinds of men. In our quiet talks I was constantly coming unawares upon some trace of the goodness he showed and strenuously strove to hide. He had a fast grip upon life, which kept him here long after the frail body would have surrendered the fight, because this splendid soul enshrined a constant desire to see others realize the life that is everlasting. If he found a man lacking the material means, this conscientious steward was ready to help, but such kindness never took the place of the higher gifts, for he gave even more lavishly of his affection and sympathy.

Many times I went to Mr. Hildreth for counsel and never came away empty, for the touch of strong unfailing love was mine for the asking. Like Enoch, he walked with God, and in that fellowship with the Heavenly Father he learned to share the burden and understand the cares of his fellows on earth. As a sharer in the fellowship of the church he lived to minister. Not only by his many benevolences but in his prayer life he bore our load. On Sunday morning and evening, though he could not attend

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

the service, he used to look over the valley to the church tower where we worshipped, and intercession like a fountain went up to God for the service, for the preacher, and for the people.

Repeatedly I have gone into his room when he had been having a hard night, when the flesh was weak and the body but a thin veil holding back the soul from the glory that is to be revealed; then I seemed to understand Mr. Browning's lines on the lips of the aged John,

"Can they share,  
They who have flesh, a veil of youth and strength?  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
Is it for nothing we grow old and weak,  
We whom God loves?"

As we say farewell to this guileless heart, this faithful steward, this man who had learned the divine art of friendship, we wonder what his ministry is now. I cannot believe his lifelong habit of intercessory prayer has ceased as he lives in the presence of the Mediator.

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

Fragments that remain of poems and other literary productions of Rev. Edward Hildreth, written, for the most part, only for his own family.

“And Joy and Love and Friendship too,  
Have no abiding-place of rest;  
But, birdlike, upward spread their wings  
And quickly leave the human breast.”

Tho' thus the love that springs of earth  
So quickly fades, nor leaves a ray,  
Not so doth that of heavenly birth;  
It lives on thro' eternal day.

For love and friendship warm and true,  
The rudest of life's storms shall bear;  
Grow brighter in the trial here,  
And gild the crown that saints shall wear.

Clifton, Ill., March, 1862.

### MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

No offering of gold we bring,  
No gems all rich and rare;  
Not rose of June, nor sweet perfume  
Can speak the love we bear.

This little band together stand  
And pray you lend an ear;

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

Spurn not the style, but listen while  
Our spokesman you shall hear.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gladdened hearts to-day are stirred  
This July the twenty-third,  
Weather foul or weather fine  
Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine.

Glad the day to us tho' rise  
Darker storm than swept the skies,  
When she came our loved and true,  
This day, Eighteen forty-two.

Not much then of earth she owned,  
That wee one from heaven loaned,  
Though the passing years have brought  
Much that may not pass for naught.

Then she knew not what a bother  
Endless wants will make for Mother:  
Nothing of the tearful trouble  
Girls get into getting double.

Then her every least desire  
Met in her own dearest "Ia."  
Now love's altar she before,  
Serves her full a quarter-score.

Then so light and thin and airy,  
Now she claims her own sweet fairy,

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

And beside three likely boys,  
Pulls down something avoirdupois.

\* \* \* \*

Chastened thought will bring again  
Faces looked for here in vain,  
And we listen for the feet  
Treading now the golden street.

But though nearer to the throne,  
Glad we count them still our own;  
While the mourning heart may rest,  
Since they lean upon His breast.

Could her eyes have looked before,  
She might wish her portion more;  
But we thank the gracious Power  
Brings to us this gladsome hour.

And for years that yet may come,  
Crave His blessing on our home,  
Trusting still none e'er shall rue  
This day Eighteen forty-two.

Old Homestead, Chicago, July 23, 1879.

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

### TWENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

So six and half a score of years  
Of cloud and sunshine bright have passed,  
Since pledged in love for joy and tears  
Our hands we here together clasp.

Of what those years to us might prove,  
We asked not then, though sure of this,  
That faithful, constant, fervent love,  
Must lighten woe and sweeten bliss.

But looking back the way all o'er,  
Would it be hard or no to guess,  
Could we now stand the past before,  
The parson's answer were it "Yes"?

Well, past is past and gone for aye,  
With brightest sun and cloud and rain;  
But were we now as on that day,  
I guess we'd try it o'er again.

Old Homestead, September 10, 1879.

### GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Grandpa's birthday! Can it be  
True that such an one as he,  
Centre of this glad day's joy,  
Once was but a little boy?

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

Once in by-gone wintry day,  
Soft in blanket bundle lay  
(Aren't we glad he'd come to stay?)  
Knew of ache and pain the share  
Babyhood must ever bear;  
Took such doses diabolic,  
'Cause he cried of windy colic;  
Had his part of pills and potions,  
And dear knows what other notions.  
(Bless their souls, from all such ills  
Now he rests on sugar pills!)  
All dressed up in bib and tucker  
Pushing on from plight to pucker;  
Still no bump or fall or roll  
Turning from the sighted goal,  
Prophecy of what shall be  
Hard by distant inland sea.  
See him when a little larger  
Quickly mounting nimble charger,  
But to find a bareback ride  
Had too much of untanned hide.  
Then responsive to the call  
Beckoning him to learning's hall,  
At the girls shy glances stealing,  
Throwing wads against the ceiling,  
Yet when e'er the master looks  
Pondering deeply o'er his books.  
Down the mountain's dazing height



---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

Pitching boulders with delight,  
As with force that made earth quiver  
On they plunged into the river.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fancy started, scarce will stay  
From the pleasing reverie,  
And the pictures come and go  
Whether yet we would or no,  
While in all we seem to trace  
Look of some familiar face.  
Turning back the clock of time  
Through three-fourths the century's chime,  
What a whirl it sends us through,  
What strange scenes it brings to view  
What changes wrought in limb and line!  
And still we have with us to-day  
Child of three-fourths a century,  
The same fair-haired and blue-eyed boy  
That then new waked a mother's joy.  
Sire and grandsire is he now,  
And frosts have decked the dear one's brow;  
But though his years a hundred told  
Never to us can he grow old.

(Lines written on the seventy-fifth birthday of Philo  
Carpenter. Old Homestead, February 27, 1880.)

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

### THE HEART TURNS BACK TO HOME.

With morning's brightness dazzled,  
Diverting scenes may come,  
But with the softening sunset  
The heart turns back to home.

With heat and toil at noon-day  
We may be overcome,  
Yet still as comes the twilight  
The heart turns back to home.

And wheresoe'er we wander,  
Or howsoe'er we roam,  
Ever when comes the evening  
The heart turns back to home.

And though life's morn may dazzle,  
Burdened may be its noon,  
Still with its coming sunset  
May we e'er turn to Home.

(Written at Colorado Springs, May 1880, while away  
from home in search of health.)

### DEDICATORY HYMN.

Builder of all things, by thy hand,  
The worlds in beauteous order stand;  
Thy word brought forth the new made earth,  
And suns and systems own their birth.

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

Unmeasured power and skill were joined,  
And wrought for man as love ordained;  
While arch and aisle with praises rang,  
As morning stars together sang!

Not ours to build with word of power;  
But in this glad and joyous hour,  
Wrought for thy service, Lord, we bring  
This house for thee, our offering.

Not song of morning stars we hear,  
No heavenly harpings reach our ear;  
But here may news of sins forgiven  
Wake sweeter chord in song of heaven!

Here truth proclaimed in every part,  
Awake, set free, confirm the heart;  
And still let love and zeal abound,  
'Till all the earth thy praise resound.

Then, in that house not made with hands,  
That city where no temple stands,  
Whose walls and pavement, pure and bright,  
Glow as our God himself gives light,

Be ours a humble place to share  
With all the saved ones gathered there;  
With Christ in his own home to dwell,  
And his immortal praises swell.

(Originally written for the anticipated dedication of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, Cal., October, 1889, and sung at the actual dedicatory exercises held July 9, 1899.)

---

## In Memoriam

---

The following letter was read at the services held in the same church February 9, 1896, to dedicate the organ given as a memorial of Richard Hildreth and his mother, Sarah Geraldine Carpenter Hildreth.

"And they sing as it were a new song before the throne."

Brethren, Dearly Beloved:

One year ago this very week on which we now have entered, a proposition was made, looking, among other things, to added enjoyment and helpfulness in our worship and our Christian work. The purpose leading to that proposition had not sprung as from mere momentary impulse. It had its origin in thought, quickened as of the Divine Spirit, strengthened through prayer and endeavor of consecration, cherished still through the years when there seemed no way as yet to its realization. It took definite form as a memorial in the mother's heart—a memorial of the dear boy that went out of our home to the Father's house, and from the worship of this sanctuary to that which hath no temple other than the Divine Presence. As such memorial, the proposal of one year ago was the placing of an organ in the Church—our Church, rather—at the cost of the donors, conditioned on the raising by the Church of a specified amount for the lessening of its obligations, and the repair and improvement of its place of worship. To-day, the organ stands as representing the sincere endeavor to fulfill the obligation then assumed.

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

But, in the year that has passed, one of those whose names were joined in the proposal, then so uniformly a glad worshipper with us in this, our sanctuary, has gone out from our immediate circle, and now bows in higher, deeper adoration before the eternal throne. Her voice, so missed by some of us, has added the sweeter note of a redeemed soul to those of the angelic choir, as with the dear boy that had gone on a little way before her, with others of our own band of brotherhood, and with the mighty host of the one great family that is gathering there, they sing in the immediate Presence, of matchless grace. And so, fittingly, her name will now be coupled with his in this memorial. It will be their best remembrancer, that which most they would covet, if, through its entire diapason, vox humana joining with vox celeste, it shall ever interpret, and only interpret the real harmonies of earth and heaven: voicing the wanderer's first longings of return; the glad welcome of a Saviour's presence; the consciousness of the Spirit's indwelling; and completest victory, even to meetness for the saint's inheritance—all to the praise of His glory, who hath wrought so wonderful a redemption.

Let it be, too, a reminder that earth and heaven are not so very far apart. Surely, they cannot be far sundered, only in spirit, when in the angel presence there is joy over the return of a repentant soul. And, though the music of their worship comes not down to our dull ears, it may be that ours goes upward and is caught by those listening ones who bend with intensest interest over this old earth;

---

## In Memoriam

---

theirs as ours, glad to tell the forever sinless ones such marvels of redemption never heard even by the highest of the archangels. Let, then, our song, and all our helps to service, including this memorial organ, be in closest harmony with theirs; no thought or note discordant, until, with worship ended here, we join with them to "sing as it were a new song before the throne."

(Signed) Fraternally yours,  
EDWARD HILDRETH.

### THE RESURRECTION.

"I believe in the resurrection of the body."—Apostles' Creed.

"We shall be changed."—1 Cor. xv, 51.

"We shall be like Him."—1 John iii, 2.

A great chemist—was it Michael Faraday?—lost a much prized silver cup, through its accidental falling into a jar of acid which wholly consumed the metal. To the great majority of men the cup was forever beyond recovery. Not so with the great scientist. He knew that every particle of the cup was there, though held in the strong grasp of the acid. He knew, too, how to precipitate every particle of the silver in that solution to the last molecule or atom, or to send through it a force all unseen but all controlling, through which the lost material must of necessity assume its original form, or some other more desirable, as it might please him to determine. If, then,



---

## Edward Hildreth

---

such power and skill to recover the seemingly lost material of creation, and to restore lost images in nature, has been given by the original creator to a mere creature of his, one but for a day and crushed before the moth, can those endowed with a fair measure of reasoning power for one moment suppose otherwise than that same great originator of all things, with power unlimited and days eternal, is able to recall the last particle of the once living form whose dissolution is not by accident, beyond his power, but simply at his own behest recall it though from the farthest ends of his own creation? And with such an one the God and Father of us all, is it not evident that the trustful faith of the believer in the resurrection has firm foundation even though he hold it in a form that seems to many of us too material? And is it not for us not to waste time in denying what cannot well be denied, but rather to point out how both in the natural and the spiritual realm God evermore "giveth a body as it hath pleased him"; that "there is a natural body" and without the slightest loss of identity "there is a spiritual body"? Could Faraday have but reproduced, as God can easily restore, the original pattern with every finest figure raised or chiseled, he could have reproduced the cup in verisimilitude. More than this; if by any means there had been base metal in never so small amount, or large, in the original cup, all this could be excluded, the cup restored with no particle of alloy. But this would only be in keeping with that other transformation "changed into the same



---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

image" and "we shall be like him," the blessed realization of the Christian's highest aspiration and his highest hope.  
Sabbath morning, Los Angeles, Nov. 22, 1903.

### "WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

The lengthening shadows steadily creep  
Across the valley and up the steep;  
And darkness comes down till in midnight gloom  
All earth lies enshrouded in its chill damp tomb.

Yet never was darkness but pierced by a ray  
Of the brightness that ushers the incoming day;  
And forth from the tomb shall come glory new-born,  
As the chill damp of night is but dew of the morn!

### TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM OF HALF A CENTURY.

Not of Ophir's choicest ore,  
Or that chiefest Incas wore,  
But beyond all sordid store  
Is the off'ring meet.

These the richer thoughts that thrill,  
Move the heart and sway the will,  
As the earnest prayer is still  
For these gifts replete.

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

Golden days beyond the past,  
Golden sunset at the last,  
Golden crown with joy to cast  
At the Saviour's feet.

"Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Written for the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of his sister Mrs. Martin Hadley, February 25, 1897.

Not the brightness and the glory  
Of resplendent land unseen;  
Not the starry crown that waiteth,  
Be my chiefest aim to win;  
  
But to do the task He bids me,  
Patient working through each day,  
Holding still the hand that leading  
Keeps my feet along His way.

El Reposo, Montecito, Cal., April 17, 1898.

### BEAUTIFUL YEARS.

"Beautiful in its time."—Eccl. iii, 11.

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years when the childhood was aye without fears;  
All through the bright pathway, unknown as untrod,  
Safe led by the loved ones, now long since with God;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years.

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years when the questioning of selfhood appears;  
Little in memory bedimming the past,  
Only bright visions the future's forecast;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years.

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years when first young love its sweet bud uprears,  
Opening out under the sunlight of day,  
Fairer than lily in brightest array;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years.

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years knitting hearts closer those bending in tears;  
Disclosing to either, love unknown and deep,  
And thus making blessed the eyes that must weep;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years.

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years when the ripeness of ageing fast nears;  
When the fresh blossoms of early Spring-time  
Come to full fruitage with richest of wine;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years.

Beautiful years, beautiful years;  
Years when the shadows are those of the seer's;  
Telling there cometh the Master's "Well done,"—  
Of cross all transfigured,—of crown that is won;  
Beautiful years, beautiful years!

Los Angeles, March, 1905.

---

---

## Edward Hildreth

---

---

The following poem, written for the twilight communion of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, on the occasion of his youngest daughter Geraldine uniting with the church, expresses the purpose which controlled his life in its every activity, and forms a fitting close to these few literary fragments gathered up by those who loved the writer, and who lovingly cherish his memory.

### TWILIGHT COMMUNION.

June 20, 1897.

Saviour, make me all thine own;  
In my heart set up thy throne;  
Over every love of mine,  
Let thy love bear rule divine.

Take this life, with all its powers  
Through its years, its days, its hours;  
All it is, and hopes to be,  
Gladly given, as thine for me.

In the radiance of Thy cross,  
Let me count all gain but loss;  
Nothing so my spirit move,  
As the impulse of thy love.

When the shadows o'er me fall,  
Let me thine own grief recall;  
Joy, through suffering, to fulfill  
All thy holy, gracious will;—

---

---

## In Memoriam

---

---

Still, in joy or woe, to be  
Wholly consecrate to Thee;  
In this heart rule thou alone;  
Saviour, make me all thine own.



JUN 22 1908

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: April 2006

**Preservation Technologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 497 667 3